

theirs with a retarding hand on his progress now also, and  
that has often given me trouble enough to qualify till  
sufficiently well instructed to commence to assist  
him with a knowledge of the materials with which  
**LADY'S**

## MONTHLY MUSEUM.

**APRIL, 1813.**

### MEMOIRS OF MRS. BILLINGTON.

**M**ISS ELIZABETH WEISCHELL, the maiden name of the subject of this memoir, was born, in the year 1769, of parents long esteemed for their musical attainments: her father was a German by birth, and nobly connected; his brother being now a judge at Erbach in Germany. Having acquired considerable reputation by his musical talent, he came to England; where he soon rose in estimation as a performer on, and a composer for the violin and piano forte. The paternal solicitude of Mr. Weischell rendering him dissatisfied with his own exertions, he procured for his daughter the assistance of the first masters in the profession. So rapid and extraordinary was her progress on the piano forte, that, at the early age of seven years, she publicly performed a concerto, on her mother's benefit night, at the Haymarket Theatre; and when she had scarcely completed her eleventh year, she again displayed her talents on the same instrument in a composition of her own.

One of her earliest masters was the celebrated Schroe-

ter, who was considered the first performer in the world for delicacy of touch, elegant rapidity, variety, and tastefulness of expression. His exertions were indefatigable in the cultivation of Miss Weischell's abilities, and an almost daily improvement was apparent in his scholar.

About the year 1782, she became a pupil of Mr. James Billington, a respectable musician belonging to the band of Drury Lane Theatre. Miss Weischell had not long been under his tuition, in order to perfect herself as an actress as well as singer, before she conceived an affection for him, which terminated in a clandestine marriage. This event was a source of much vexation and disappointment to her parents, who, in the extraordinary pains which they had taken with the education of their daughter, had figured to themselves a golden prospect in her future engagements. This union, however, was of great advantage to her, as her improvement was now so rapid as to create well founded hopes of her future excellence. Her fame indeed as a performer at private concerts was already so conspicuous, that the managers of the Dublin Theatre were induced to make her very liberal offers, which being accepted, she there first displayed her powers as a vocal actress. Mr. B. was also engaged for the orchestra. At the earlier periods of her life, Miss W's voice indicated nothing of that excellence which it now possesses; its tone was considered defective, but capable of improvement; and though her reception on the Irish stage was extremely faltering, she did not burst upon the world with that *éclat* which she afterwards acquired. She even sometimes sung to empty boxes; and taught the walls of the theatre to echo her sweet notes. From Mr. Daly's theatre she went to that in Capel-street, but soon after returned. Her fame at length extending to the sister kingdom, Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, was induced to give her an invitation in 1786; and on the 13th of February, she made her first appearance in Rosetta, in the Opera of Love in a Village, which had been fixed on

for that purpose by Royal command. This command, it is said, was given in compliment to her abilities; and the house was crowded to excess. Her performance of the character was such as to charm every refined ear, and matured in taste and correctness, her reputation became established on the firmest basis. In the course of the following year, Mrs. Billington went to Paris, with a view of receiving lessons in singing from Sacchini, who was then in the meridian of his fame. She was the last and most successful pupil of this admirable composer, who died shortly after she had obtained the desired instruction. Upon his death, she returned to England; and performed for several seasons at Covent Garden Theatre with increased success. To follow her through all her various engagements as theatrical concert and oratorio singer would be an uninteresting detail; we shall proceed therefore to the year 1794, when an irresistible inclination to visit the land of harmony, combined with some overtures, we believe, from the Neapolitan court, led her to undertake a journey to Italy. During this excursion, she became fully qualified for the assumption of principal characters in the Italian Opera; and, in a peculiar manner, distinguished herself as a vocal performer. Her first appearance in public was at Milan, and her next at Naples; where, on the 30th of January, 1794, in the grand Theatre of San Carlo, she astonished even an Italian audience, long accustomed to hear the first singers of Europe. The applause with which she was honoured by their Sicilian Majesties, the court, and the public, was unbounded; but, on the following day, her good fortune was unhappily clouded by the sudden death of her husband; who, while in apparent health and spirits, fell down motionless in an apoplectic fit. On recovering, in some measure, from this unexpected shock, the lovely widow resumed her engagement at Naples; where, in alleviation of her grief, she experienced the most friendly attentions from Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Proud of a singer of their own country, who was allowed to

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eclipse every competitor, these distinguished characters introduced her at court; and procured her the patronage of the King and Queen of Naples; from whom she received the most splendid and substantial proofs of their admiration and generosity. She was also a great favorite with the English nobility resident at that court. Having at length, by her professional exertions at Milan, Naples, Venice, Leghorn, Padua, Genoa, Florence, Trieste, and various other places, where the prodigious compass of her voice, and her exquisite taste were no less extolled, realized a considerable fortune, she placed twenty thousand sequins, nearly ten thousand pounds sterling, in the Venice bank; and with part of the remainder purchased a handsome estate in the Venetian territory. The inroads of the French in Italy, however, soon rendering that country an unpleasant residence for the English, Mrs. Billington was induced to ensure her personal security by a matrimonial union with an officer on the civil staff of the French army, a native of Lyons, and son of a banker there, of the name of Felessent; who, upon his marriage, resigned his post in the army, and settled upon the estate which Mrs. Billington had purchased. From this second match, a report originated that she was wedded to a Venetian nobleman. This union with Mr. Felessent, we believe, secured the landed property; but the money she deposited in the bank, by the capture of Venice, which took place soon after, was lost; and she was impelled again suddenly to visit this country.

On the 3d of October, 1801, Mrs. Billington resumed her acquaintance with a London audience, on the boards of Covent-Garden Theatre. After which, she was engaged at the Opera-house, upon a salary of three thousand guineas and a free benefit. The character which she selected for her *entrée* at the English theatre was Mandane, in the serious opera of Artaxerxes; in which the *amateurs* of musical science assert, that Dr. Arne has consolidated, with his own pure simplicity, the beautiful

melody of Hasse, the mellifluous richness of Pergolese, the easy flow of Piccini, and the finished cantabile of Sacchini. The following scientific critique appeared on that occasion :

" At the drawing up of the curtain, Mrs. Billington was welcomed with that warmth which bespoke the high expectation of the audience, and the pleasure they felt at seeing her again on a London stage. At the very commencement of her performance, all their expectations were justified: in the duet of ' Fair Aurora,' which she sung with Incledon, she glided through the chromatic passages, which close the first and second strain, with a sweetness of effect which no one could produce, and gave the minor thirds, at the words ' from the idol of my heart,' with a delicacy and tenderness which came from the heart, and touched the nerves of the whole audience. In the beautiful and richly-accompanied air—' Adieu! thou lovely youth,' she was equally charming; her expression was every where perfectly just, and her *divisions* infinitely neat. In ' If e'er the cruel tyrant, love,' she was exquisite: we never witnessed a higher degree of taste, or a more sweet and impressive manner than she displayed in almost every bar of this fine and original air; her ornaments, though abundant, were chaste, and the additional notes at the final close, in which she soared with ease to D in alt, were as ingenious and tasteful as they were forcible and expressive. Her ' Let not rage' was also enchanting, and admitted no idea but that of excellence of the first order. The winning softness with which she accented the notes, her high-wrought, yet chaste embellishments, the melting delicacy of her turns, and the affecting emphasis with which she enforced the sentiments at the words, ' father, lover, brother, friend,' sunk to the heart of every hearer, and convinced the whole audience of the powers of vocal music; in a word, nothing remained to crown the delight of the evening, but her execution of the noble *bravura* which precedes the finale. In this, ' The

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Soldier tir'd of War's Alarms,' she displayed the triumph of her art. We, who have formerly heard the once-celebrated Miss Brent, afterwards Mrs. Pinto, in this fine song, were utterly astonished to find the performance of that accomplished singer so far exceeded by that of Mrs. Billington. With fewer liberties than first-rate performers generally take with songs of this description, she gave it a force and novelty of effect, which perfectly enraptured us. The *distances* were hit with a clearness and precision that evinced her perfect intimacy with the first secrets of fine performance, and the variations she introduced at the repetition of the concluding *division*, as also the energy with which she darted to the key-note in alt, kept pace with every expectation her previous excellence had created, and impressed us with ideas of admiration and astonishment."

Mrs. Billington's powers were so admirably, and almost peculiarly adapted to the music of Artaxerxes, that her performance of Mandane has justly been considered as her *chef d'œuvre* on the English stage. Duly, however, to appreciate her talents, and to be supremely delighted by the display of her fullest excellence, the *amateur* should witness her skill, and truly astonishing physical powers of execution, in the Italian opera. The human voice is one of the most wonderful of nature's performances; and that which Mrs. Billington possesses may be considered as one of those wonders which approaches the nearest to perfection. The opening of the *glottis*, which forms the voice, is extremely small; and as the same diameter must ever produce the same tone, its diameter in every variety of tone must suffer a sensible change: so wonderfully minute are the contractions and dilatations of the *glottis*, that in some voices its opening, not more than the tenth part of an inch, has been calculated to be divided into upwards of twelve hundred parts; the different sound of every one of which is perceptible to an exact ear.

When we consider the nice tension of fibres which such an instrument, as it may be termed, must require, we must cease to be surprised at the different degrees of excellence which are frequently perceptible in the same voice. There is not, however, such a variety of divisions in ordinary voices as in those possessed by such singers as Mrs. Billington.

Our syren repeated the character of Mandane for several nights at both Theatres, to the pleasure of crowded audiences within the theatre, and the disappointment of thousands who could gain no entrance without. She also played Clara in the Duenna, Rosetta, in Love in a Village, and Polly, in the Beggar's Opera; giving, in the last piece, an importance to the character that had been hitherto unknown in this country. We shall not easily forget the fascinating style in which she sung 'Cease your funning.' During the seasons of 1804, 1805, and 1806, she sung at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, where she had ample scope for her abilities: and, in the Opera of '*Il Fanatico per la Musica*,' as a musician as well as a vocal performer, in a duet accompanied by herself with Naldi, June 19th, 1806, for the benefit of this gentleman, she added another wreath to her fame. Madame Grassini was also engaged at this theatre; and, in the technical terms, both these ladies were considered as *first women*; but they seldom sung in the same piece. In the *duo*, however, of '*Vaghi colli ameni prati*,' in the serious Opera of '*Il ratto di Proserpina*,' and a few other compositions, they mutually drew down the most extravagant plaudits. It may be mentioned as a curious instance of stage *etiquette*, that in the newspapers which advertised Mrs. Billington as *first woman*, Madame Grassini was never mentioned in that capacity; and in those which were devoted to Madame Grassini as *first woman*, Mrs. Billington is never distinguished. They were thus both equal, both *first*, and both *superior*. In our life of Madame Bertinotti, in our Museum for July, we have

alluded to this cause of theatrical politics; we must confess, however, that as an actress, in every thing that relates to attitude and gesture, Madame Grassini, and even Madame Catalini, were considered superior to Mrs. Billington. Madame Grassini was unquestionably one of the first actresses in England, perhaps in Europe. In sacred music, Mrs. Billington's singing approached nearly to divine; and in point of science, she was as superior to Grassini, or Catalini, as she was their inferior in acting and stage-effect. Madame Grassini quitted this country for the continent about the year 1808.

Miss Seward, no mean judge of music, in a letter to her friend, Mrs. Martin, gives the following critique on the singing of Mrs. Billington:—"Her voice," she observes, "possesses great sweetness, compass, power, and execution; and her skill cannot be questioned who played finely on the harpsichord at ten years old. Already, she almost rivals Mara in the scaramouch part of her performance; but has, however, too much good sense to gambol like her in the sacred songs. Mrs. Billington possesses a great deal of genuine beauty, and very unaffected and charming manners." Great, however, as her attainments then were, she was by no means equal to what she has since become by continued practice and scientific study; *for she never omitted any opportunity of adding to her stock of science, and improving her execution;* a lesson which young professors who would obtain perfection in the musical art cannot too highly appreciate.

Mr. Charles Weischell, the brother of Mrs. Billington, led the band at the theatres of Drury-lane and Covent-garden, on those nights when his sister performed in the season of 1801-2; and occasionally was employed in the same manner at the Opera, where he now presides.

Mrs. Billington lost her mother some years ago, and her father died at Fulham, in the beginning of the present year, at the advanced age of 83.

**THE GOSSIPER.****NO. XXII.**

WHAT a pleasing object of delight does Contentment reflect to the cloudless and unambitious mind. As celestial light discloses every beauty to the intellectual powers, so does contentment convey every agreeable idea to the soul. Although it does not immediately possess mankind of splendor or riches, it is productive of equal benefit, by banishing every desire of them. It dissipates the cankering tooth of care, the reign of melancholy, and the throb of anxiety from the mind of man. It stamps an air of cheerfulness on his brow, and gives a dignified calm of serenity to his thoughts. Whilst sordid Avarice, the inordinate desire of wealth, not only undermines the solemn ties which bind society together; but, like the frequent decays of a magnificent structure, foretells even its final dissolution. Oh! Avarice! how art thou courted by the unthinking multitude, for thy deformity! What a train of evils dost thou accumulate! Disquietude and misery are thy attendants. The statesman, when he becomes thy votary, proves false to his country. Justice herself is staggered by thy enormities; till at length we see Vice spreading her triumphant banners beneath thy baneful influence.

Devallah rose with the morning to pursue his journey; his soul was formed for avarice alone; his grovelling mind pursued no other track, than what would lead to riches; his eyes, that marked suspicion at each glance, greeted the rosy morning unrefreshed; the daemon of Care sat enthroned on his wrinkled brow; and as he shook Sleep's shadowy mantle from his limbs, a heavy groan

burst from his bosom's centre. He brushed heedless over the dew-impanelled flower, that lent its fragrance to the orient morn; the vivid east, that glowed in the bright effulgence of heavenly grandeur, reflected not its beauty on the dark surface of his impenetrable soul. The lark caroled its matin orisons aloud; the lambs gambolled in sportive innocence around him; the shepherds tuned to rustic harmony their reeds; the ploughboy, careless, whistled on his way. Nature was lovely and serene. Contentment smiled on the rude peasant's brow; and every object marked the peace his bosom knew not. It struck deep into his soul; he dashed, in furious agony, aside, from scenes of joy, and bent his way over the bleak desert, where nature frowned in her rudest aspect, surrounded by huge fragments of embrooken rocks, that often seemed threatening to crush the traveller that stumbled over their base. No foliage, tipt with Sol's enlivening ray, waved to the gentle breeze. The raven's note, at intervals, alone broke on the solemn stillness of the scene. No feathered plumage, buoyed on liquid air, fanned the soft gale, save when the pirate hawk pursued some fluttering bird beneath the cliff, then glutted there his satiate taste, and mounted into air. Yet did this barren waste accord more fully with his selfish mind, than those soft scenes of harmony and love. The untrod way, of rude unbroken cliffs, impeded awhile his weary march, yet broke not on the deep reverie of his soul; his mind was building on the hope of adding still unto his senseless hoard, accumulating still within his breast the idol of his worship.

The sun had nearly paced the arch of heaven, and clad in crimson was the glowing west. Eve's purple mantle veiled the ethereal blue, ere he awoke from the pleasing dream delusion spread before him. Absorbed in thought, he heeded not the track he was pursuing; and when aroused from fancy's slumber, he found he long had wandered from the way where all his airy dreams of

wealth were to be realized. The day's bright lustre now scarcely glimmered over the rugged steep; the mountain's form was veiled in darkness. With hasty steps he tried to regain his wonted path; but, alas! the sky which smiled throughout the day serene and cloudless, became surcharged with the dark terrors of a tempest; the winds, which long had slept as gentle breezes, now burst with furious violence the bounds that had restrained them. The swift-winged clouds, borne resistless with their currents, spread sable darkness over the cheerless scene; the withered shrubs, struck by the lightning's glare, were hurled on high amid the pealing gust; the thunder rolled in awful grandeur through the vaulted sky; the torrents, gushing from the steep's rude sides, added horror to the scene. Devallah became frantic with despair; his steps bewildered; he paused; in the anguish of his situation, he smote with violence his forehead, which burned with wild delirium; he endeavoured to proceed, but his feet denied their office; he clenched his hands in agony, faltered, and fell! . . . . . Reason returning, he again opened his eyes; the rude storm had subsided, and morn, arrayed in peace, once more spread its fiery mantle in the east. But what feeling awoke in the mind of Devallah, when he beheld, that all his earthly treasure he had lost amid the terrors of the hurricane. To find that was impossible, as he had wandered unknown from the spot where its rage overtook him. Amidst the torments of distraction which beat within his breast, he clung to the faint hope of retracing his steps, and thereby to regain his lost wealth. He pursued, with hurried pace, a weary way, till almost sinking beneath the rage of disappointment and fatigue, he was nigh resigning that life which was become a burden to him, without that useless dross on which his soul doated, when some eddying smoke directed his eye to a rude-formed habitation. With the hopes of gaining some intelligence and refreshment, he hastened to the spot that

cheered him again with the prospect of regaining his lost treasure. As he entered the cottage, he was received by an old man, with a welcome and surprise; a placid smile of peace and health sat upon his brow; his flowing beard, of whitest hue, added a dignity to his form, which rose in stately grandeur, unshook by the rude storms which more or less assail life's fleeting passage. "Welcome, my son," said he, "to the rude hospitality my roof affords amidst this barren desert. If," added he, "simplicity adorns thy mind, and sweet content can gild the humble fare which nature freely offers to the hand of man, receive my simple offering." A deep-drawn sigh was struggling in Devallah's bosom, as the venerable man conducted him into an inner apartment, where a female of lovely appearance greeted him, as he introduced the weary traveller to her notice. A cherub boy was sporting on the hearth, in playful innocence, beneath his mother's eye; and as he viewed the care-worn stranger, he ran to her soft sheltering arms for safety, which oft had pillow'd him to balmy sleep, and lulled him, amid the tempest's rage, to sweet repose. Devallah viewed the smile that welcomed him with envy, that bliss seemed showered upon the lot of poverty, which he possessed not in his days of affluence. Reflection roused each misery afresh, that hitherto had been absorbed in silent wonder; his hapless treasure darted across his mind, in the rude agony of keen despair. His thoughts were wandering in the dark abyss of misery, when he was aroused by his host's kind invitation, to partake the family diet which his board presented. In silence he complied; but oft the tear would glisten in his eye, as he surveyed the mansion of calm innocence and peace. Before the window spread a garden, that owned the careful hand of industry; the honey-suckle there was taught to entwine around the pine's rude trunk; and, as it waved its branches to the breeze, they spread their richest odours on the gale; the bowers, secluded from the noon-tide ray, were shaded by

the blushing rose, with which encircling was the vine's soft tendril; whilst the rich grapes, suspended in rude clusters, tempted the eye with nature's richest banquet. Devallah's meal being finished, with anxious and foreboding mind, he told his adverse fortune on the day preceding. The good old man listened with mute attention to his tale, which being done, he thus addressed him: " My son, let yesterday's misfortunes, as you call them, sink deep within thy breast; imbibe from them humility in poverty, and let poverty convey within thy soul contentment and repose. Search through the field of nature; there wilt thou find riches more lovely than the useless hoards. Look at her through the eye of reason, and thou wilt find those beauties which transfix the soul with love and admiration, that plant within the mind those tender shoots which blossom into virtue; and when thine eye wanders in rapture over her endless charms, oh! they will lead thee, with delight unknown, up to the sapphire throne of Nature's God."

At this delivery, the mind of Devallah was torn with conflicting passions; as, where two rapid streams unite, the eddying waves awhile impel each other from its course, till borne at length, resistless, by the tide, they glide along an undisturbed lake. Thus agitated by those selfish principles which long had held his bosom in subjection, he resisted for a time those finer feelings which the sage's words had kindled in his soul; till, at length, the eloquent persuasions of his tongue, the mild benignity, the calm serenity that played upon his countenance, rendered his hardened soul a convert to his doctrine. He squeezed the old man's hand in a transport of delight; and the joy his bosom felt, spoke more eloquence than his tongue could convey.

As the venerable man conducted him a short way on his journey, he gave him the following particulars of his life, and the cause of his living secluded amidst the wild. In his earlier days he was a man of wealth and inde-

pendence, in the States of ——. The principal part of his years had fled by unclouded by care or affliction. A daughter, his only offspring, formed the chief pleasure of his life; she was married early to a virtuous young man: he saw them happy, and was blest. He knew no other wish between the grave; till ruthless war, with iron sway, invaded the peaceful confines of his native country. Time had unnerved his manhood of its vigour. His arm no more could wield a sword in her defence: his prayers were all he had to offer for her safety. But his daughter saw, with aching heart, her husband join the martial youths, and rush amid the battle. Awhile they fought, and dealt destruction on the foe; but, alas! their country fell, and they were buried in her downfall. "I should have scorned," said he, "my short existence, but a tie too dear now clung to my weak arm for comfort and support; and as I could not live beneath a despot's power, where I before had breathed the air of liberty and independence, we fled to this retreat. I culture with these hands the soil around me, whose produce furnishes our simple fare. My daughter, and her boy, with smiles receive me, when my toil is done. And thus, unknown to all the world calls great, its power, or riches, we live, contented, free, and happy."

OSMOND.

### SELF-INTEREST.

AFTER the death of Mézeray, the historian, his representatives, in taking an inventory of his effects, found a bag containing a thousand livres in silver, with a ticket, upon which he had written the following inscription:—  
"C'est ici le dernier argent que j'ai reçu du Roi. Aussi,  
depuis ce temps, n'ai-je jamais dit de bien de lui."

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**MEMOIR OF BENDA, THE MUSICIAN.**

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FRANCIS BENDA, concert master to the late Frederick II., King of Prussia, from the year 1738 to the time of his death, was one of the most touching and expressive players on the violin in Europe during the last century: he was a native of Alt Benatky, in Bohemia, and a Chorister at Prague and Dresden, till he lost his treble voice. There is a very natural and amusing life of this excellent musician, composed from his own materials, by M. Hiller, of Leipsig; but as they are stories of mere amusement, we shall only adhere to matters of fact. It was not till he was dismissed as a singer, that he seriously applied to the fiddle to procure him a subsistence; but he knew not when, or under what master, but remembered, that, as soon as he was able, he joined a company of strolling Jews in playing dances about the country; in which, however, there was a blind Hebrew of the name of Löbel, who, in his way, was an extraordinary player; he drew a good tone from his instrument, and composed his own pieces, which were wild, but pretty; some of his dances went up to A in *altissimo*; however, he played them with the utmost purity and neatness: the performance of this man excited in Benda so much emulation, that he redoubled his diligence in trying to equal him; and not to be inferior to any part of his trade, he composed dances for his own hand which were far from easy. He often speaks of his obligations to the old Jew for stimulating him to excell on the violin. It has often excited our wonder, that in the principal capitals of Europe, wherever there is a synagogue, we generally found a vocal performer, or two, who sung in the Italian manner, and with exquisite taste, though the rest of the singing in the service of religion was to the last degree incoherent and barbarous.

Where it was obtained, or by what kind of magic this taste was inspired exclusively, is not easy to conjecture; but so it was at Paris, Amsterdam, Milan, Venice, Rome, and Naples; and we have had instances at home of exquisite Hebrew singing in our own country.

After various adventures, our young violinist entered into the band of Count Uhlefeld at Vienna, with whom he had frequently the advantage of hearing the famous Francischello, who taught the Count, and of playing trios with this great musician and his scholar. Francischello was the most exquisite performer on the base-viol of his time. Geminiani related of him, that in accompanying Nicolini at Rome in a cantata, composed by Alessandro Scarlatti, for the violoncello, the author, who was at the harpsichord, would not believe that a mortal could play so divinely; but said, that it was an angel who had assumed the figure of Francischello; so far did his performance surpass all that Scarlatti had conceived in composing the cantata, or imagined possible for man to express. At length, Benda was invited by Quantz, the german flute master, to the late Frederick II. King of Prussia, during the time when he was only Prince of Prussia, and resided at Ruppin, before his accession to the throne: It was by stealth that this prince indulged his passion for music during the life of his father, who had forbidden him, not only to study and practise music, but to hear it. M. Quantz told us afterwards, that it was the late Queen-mother who, at this time, encouraged the Prince in his favorite amusement; and who engaged musicians for his service; but so necessary was secrecy in all these negociations, that if the King, his father, had discovered that he was disobeyed, all these sons of Apollo would have incurred the danger of being hanged. The prince frequently took occasion to meet his musicians a hunting; and had his concerts either in a forest, or a cavern. Benda still, in 1772, led the King of Prussia's band at the Opera, and at his Concerts; and could boast

of having had the honour of accompanying his Majesty, during the forty years which he had been in his service, in near fifty thousand different concerts. What an excellent economist of time must his Prussian Majesty have been, who, though his own minister, could spare two hours every day, when he was not in the field, for music. When we heard the admirable Benda perform, it was an excellent composition of his own, which he played *con sordini*: his hand, he said, wanted force sufficient to play without; the gout had long enfeebled his fingers, and age, perhaps, still more; there were, however, fine remains of a great hand, though he was probably always more remarkable for feeling than force. His style was so truly *cantabile*, that scarcely a passage could be found in his compositions which it would not have been in the power of the human voice to sing; and when he was at his best, he was so very affecting a player, so truly pathetic in an *adagio*, that several able professors declared that he frequently drew tears from them in performing one. How he acquired this style of writing and playing may be of some use to musical students to trace and develope.

His style was not that of Tartini, Somis, Veracini, nor that of the head of any one school, or musical sect, of which we have the least knowledge; it was his own, and formed from that model which should be ever studied by all instrumental performers—*good singing*.

#### ANECDOTE OF ANNIBAL CARACCI.

Augustino Caracci, the brother of Annibal, having delivered a long discourse in praise of the Group of the Laocoön and his Children, felt considerable surprize that Annibal should say nothing upon this *chef d'œuvre*, the admiration of so many centuries. Annibal immediately took out his pencil, and drew the subject against the wall of the picture room, with as much precision as if the statue had been before him; then turning towards his brethren, he said, "Poets paint by words, and painters speak by the pencil."

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MATILDA FORRESTER;  
OR,  
THE EXEMPLARY DAUGHTER.

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(Continued from page 151.)

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When Matilda awoke from this inaction of mind, which had absorbed all her feelings, she found herself alone. She was sitting on the ground, her head resting on the cushion of a repose: she pressed her burning forehead, and strove to recollect the cause of her immoderate grief. All was still in the house; a dreadful silence seemed to reign triumphant. Her father appeared to her diseased imagination disfigured with wounds, inflicted by his own hand. She wished to ascertain, if the vision were true; but she tottered; she reached, however, the bell cord, and when the servants arrived, she articulated the word rest, and they conveyed her to her chamber. Sleep, however, refused to visit her eyelids, and she remained gazing on the light which burnt before her. When her mother entered, she endeavoured to dispel the concern which appeared on her countenance by a forced smile; this effort, however, was of little effect; for her mother saw it was the smile of repressed anguish. They parted after a mutual embrace; for words were unutterable. At length Matilda dozed; and when the morning dawned, she awoke from a refreshing sleep. Her mind being more calm, she resolved to begin her task, and acquired sufficient firmness to write to the companion in her misery.

MY DEAR LAUDON,

Heaven has thought proper to impose on me a duty which, weak and feeble as I am, I could almost say is more than I am capable of performing.

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Oh, my dear Laudon, this is the last time that I may call you by that epithet: I am forced to renounce you for ever. I would beg, I would conjure you, to despise me, did I not know, that you believe me incapable of falsehood. I must not even trust myself long to write to you, or I shall betray all. I will only touch upon a circumstance that may awaken your pity; but justice demands that I should not leave you with the charge of fickleness. Oh Laudon! my father's life is in my hands. This I can preserve, or sacrifice. I have sworn to do the former. Adieu then for ever! I conjure you, as you have loved me, to bear this like a man; exert those faculties that heaven has given you,—that reason which the Almighty has endowed you with; and believe her who scarcely knows what she has now written, who dares not reperuse what her pen has expressed, when she says, that nothing but the saving of a parent's life should have tempted her to implore, as she now does, that you would forget there ever existed so unhappy a female as your once

MATILDA.

Having dispatched this incoherent letter, it is difficult to imagine why a comparative placidity reigned in her countenance; whether it arose from a long interview which she had afterwards with the best of mothers, or, as the deist would say, because she had acted virtuously for virtue's self, or whether it arose from a firm reliance on that Providence who never utterly forsakes the wretched. It is true, that from this time a smile seldom visited her face, except in the presence of her parents; but when they were absent, a regular serious demeanor, approaching to melancholy, appeared her decided character. Laudon had continued his visits regularly at Mr. Forrester's mansion; but although Matilda had declined for the present seeing him, lest it might weaken the resolutions she was about to form, yet he was not ignorant of what Matilda's mother had in contemplation, when,

with tears in her eyes, she conjured him to meet his fate with composure. Stimulated by the violence of his passion, after the receipt of Matilda's letter, he sent her one fraught with all the intemperance of a maniac. She was obliged to receive his letters; for she dreaded the impetuosity of his temper, which she could only, in their hours of happiness, controul. Had not his parents educated him with a proper sense of religion, Laudon would probably have resorted to the same means as Forrester, in order to rid himself of feelings which he conceived were too heavy to bear: it is, however, but reasonable to make some allowance for the violence of his demeanor; and if a comparison must be made between his case and Matilda's, his misfortunes were even superior to hers. He was about to lose a present good; he was also a martyr. The idea of causing her father's happiness to result from her conduct was a healing balm to Matilda's wounds; but Laudon's sufferings were to be without alloy. Nothing but striving to gain a mastery over himself could restore him to happiness; this he never thought of; he did all he could to cherish his passion, as if by so doing he could overcome it, until at length the walls of a mad-house encircled the unfortunate Laudon.

As circumstances appeared approaching towards the end desired by Forrester, he crawled about his grounds, accompanied by the suffering Matilda. But if any thing like pleasure could be said to visit her sad heart, it was when she saw the hue of health revisit her father's cheek, when he clasped her to his heart, and called her his deliverer; she would then, her fine blue eyes swimming in tears, direct her view to heaven, and ask for fortitude. This acknowledgement caused her exquisite sensations; but they were of little duration; the figure of her once-favoured lover would swim before her sight, and convert those tears of love into unutterable anguish.

Hardie was constantly at the house, at least when the duties of his counting-house permitted it; and if any

thing could add to her misery, it was the appearance of a man who, at first sight, seemed to be a stranger to delicacy, and many of the common courtesies of life; but his appearance only was against him. He was a Scotchman,—when I say a Scotchman, I do not mean to say it by way of prejudice, but if Matilda disliked one country more than another, it was Scotland. He was by no means handsome, and his age was fifty; but severed as she had been from the only man for whom she ever owned an attachment, it was a matter of total indifference whom she wedded. Matilda, however, did him the justice to confess, that he was liberal, good-tempered, and indulgent, to others. He lavished presents on her, but in other respects, behaved like a man who is certain of his prize; and although he never told her she was handsome, she was too amiable to be totally insensible to his kindness. He had heard something about an attachment she had conceived for a young man; but, as he took her for a sensible girl, he was not surprised, or hurt, at the preference she gave him on account of his fortune. Love, he said, always came better after marriage than before; and that daughters should only love those that their parents approved of. It is true, she often left him to weep; but he knew it not; and as these regrets became less frequent, she, in the end, gave her consent, and they were married. Laudon had at length recovered from his derangement; and when the officious papers announced to him the "Marriage of Alexander Hardie to Miss Matilda Forrester, a young lady of amiable manners, and every requisite to make the marriage state happy," his health became so seriously impaired, that he resigned himself to death: the world and its pleasures seemed to fade away before his sight, creation appeared a blank to him, since she for whom he only wished to live was in the possession of another.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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## ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

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NO. I.

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### ADRIENNE LE COUVREUR.

THIS lady was an actress of considerable merit. She received the precepts of declamation from the comedian Le Grand, and made her *début* at the French Theatre, in the year 1717, with much success. During the plaudits that her performance excited, a person, seated in a corner of a box, differing in sentiment with the audience, contented himself at intervals with saying, "*Bon cela!*" The censor being noticed by Mad. Le Couvreur, she was desirous of knowing his name, and learnt that he was the celebrated grammarian Du Marsais. She immediately wrote him a polite note, requesting the honour of his company to dinner, *en tête-à-tête*. The invitation was accepted; and after the repast, the philosopher desired her to repeat certain passages from the poets, in which she conceived that she most excelled. To this she readily acceded; but was infinitely surprised, instead of attracting his applause, to hear him exclaim only two or three times, "*Bon cela!*" Somewhat humiliated at his conduct, she politely asked him the meaning of so singular an enigma. After a suitable apology for the displeasure he had manifested, Du Marsais very delicately intimated, "That he was sensible that her talents were of the first description, that her action was impressive and elegant; and, to attain the highest rank in her profession, that nothing was necessary, but that she should give the *proper emphasis to the words she uttered.*" The actress, with

much good sense, feeling the propriety of the remark, put herself under his tuition, and in a little time established herself in general favour.

To the attraction of a fine figure, Mademoiselle Le Couvreur united great personal charms. She had many admirers, and among other celebrated characters, Marshal Saxe and Voltaire, who accompanied her body to the grave. She has been represented in the attitude of Cornelia, holding the urn of Pompey, by Coypel.

#### JANE SHORE.

By the accounts we have of this beautiful, but unfortunate female, whose frailties and whose sufferings are so well known, her mind was formed for magnificence, and her heart for virtue; both could not be gratified, and virtue sunk in the unequal struggle. The ascendancy that she acquired over the heart of Edward was employed with so much modesty, that even the pride of his queen, the most injured person, was never offended at their intimacy. Her munificence and her affability, which gained her many friends, threw a veil over her imprudence during the reign of her illustrious admirer, and awakened a degree of sympathy at her misfortunes after his death. Speaking of this ill-fated victim of the ambition of his successor, who was alive in the time of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas More observes, " Proper she was, and fair; nothing in her body you would have changed, unless you would have wished her a little higher. Albeit some that now see her, deme her never to have been well visaged, whose judgment seemeth to be somewhat like as though men should guess the beauty of one long departed by her scalp taken out of the charnel house: For now she is olde, lean, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ry-vilde skin and hard bone. At this day," he says, " she begged of many, that at this day had begged had she not

bene." Mr. Rowe seems to have built his tragedy upon the foundation of an old historical ballad, which not only adopts the cruel order of Richard, but that she perished with hunger, in a loathsome place to this day called Shoreditch.

#### MADAME DUBOCAGE.

THE talents of this lady are well known to every admirer of French literature. She was not only favoured with the notice of the most celebrated wits of the age, but enjoyed academical honours from Bologna, Lyons, Padua, and her native city. During her travels in England, Holland, and Italy, she was received with much distinction, and in a particular manner attracted the notice of Pope Benedict XIV. to whom she dedicated her "*Colombiade*." On her return to France, Voltaire was so profuse in his commendations, that she never slept, to use her own words, "*à force d'en avoir*." Fontenelle called her his daughter. Clairant considered her as a second Duchâteleit, with infinitely more amability; and Mairan compared her to a well regulated watch, that proceeds in an uniform course, without its movement being perceived. She died at an advanced age, in Paris, in 1802.

#### CATHARINE II. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

HOWEVER the private character of this Princess may be a subject of reprobation, as a sovereign she possessed many qualities that command our esteem. She maintained by her firmness the dignity of Russia in the eyes of foreign powers, and in a particular degree was mindful of the interests of her subjects. The following anecdote reflects no less credit on her judgment than humanity.

A gentleman, named Carlowinski, being struck with the beauty of a daughter of one of his vassals, sent an order to her father to bring her to his house, intimating the object of the request. The old man, possessing the principles of natural honour, took the liberty to wait upon his lord, and throwing himself at his feet, implored, in the humblest manner, that he would not insist upon the violation of his child. Unmoved by his tears or entreaties, Carlowinski persisted in his demands; which being opposed, his servants were directed to inflict the punishment of the *knout* upon the unfortunate vassal, with a view of extorting his compliance. The young woman, hearing of her father's treatment, repaired to St. Petersburg, and embracing a favourable opportunity, prostrated herself before the Empress, detailed the injury that her parent had received, and implored her Majesty's protection. Catherine, greatly affected at the story of the poor girl, which, upon enquiry, she found to be correct, ordered Carlowinski into her presence; who attempted to justify himself upon the customary *right* which every nobleman had to the person and property of his vassals. To which her Majesty made this animated and remarkable reply:—"Right! Carlowinski, nothing can be right that is repugnant to the laws of justice and of nature. Would it not appear an act of oppression, if I were to seize upon your life and property, without having the smallest reason for so great a severity? Or can your claim to any thing belonging to your vassal be equal to my authority as a sovereign over the possessions of my subjects? Know then, Carlowinski, that your vassals are my people; and be assured, that I will suffer no man in my dominions, however opulent, to exact an obedience to him from the unhappy peasant, that is not due to his virtues!" The consequence of this affair was, that the old man and his daughter were declared immediately free, and Carlowinski obliged to settle a hundred rubles a-year upon them for ever.

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**FRANCOISE DE BATARNAY.**

THE conduct of this lady presents, in a very extraordinary manner, the influence of grief over the female mind. Having had the misfortune, at the age of twenty-two, to lose her husband, whom she loved with the strongest affection, nothing could induce her to form a second union. Though her beauty was great, and her fortune considerable, retired from the pleasures of the world, she devoted herself, during sixty years, to the support of the necessitous, and submitted to the most rigid austerities. It is reported, that for twenty years she never slept in a bed. Her nephew, the Cardinal de Joyeuse, prevented her from taking the veil, by representing to her, that she could do infinitely more good by remaining in society, than by shutting herself up in a convent, where her bounty would become less active, and her virtues be more concealed.

**MADEMOISELLE DE SCUDERI.**

THE character of this lady stands so high in the literary world, that any anecdote respecting her cannot fail of attention. Having visited the donjon of Vincennes, near Paris, where the great Condé had been imprisoned, she was shewn a stone, in the cavity of which that celebrated prince was known to have planted some pinks, which he watered every day. On which occasion, she composed the following ingenious impromptu:—

"En voyant ces œillets qu'un illustre guerrier  
Arrosa d'une main qui gagna des batailles,  
Souviens-toi qu'APOLLON batissoit des murailles,  
Et ne t'étonnes pas de voir MARS jardinier."

## REFLEXIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT OXENSTIERN.

## ON FRIENDS.

It is said, that the rarity of a thing constitutes its value, and that it is for this reason that gold and silver hold the first rank among perishable things. I know, however, that there is in the world an article of still greater rarity than those metals,—a true Friend. For my part, I have reason to think, that it is with friendship as with the Phoenix, of whom every one speaks, and yet no person has seen one. As to fashionable friends, I have known an infinite number in my time, but all like turquoises of the new rock. I have found them like swallows, which come in the spring, and go away when the cold weather begins. I never met with one friend who loved me on my own account; but many who have loved themselves in my person, either for interest, conversation, pleasure, or some vice, that flattered their passions. Time has taught me this truth; for so soon as I ceased to be rich, sprightly, and dissipated, my interested friends turned their backs on me, and refused to bear the smallest part in my misfortunes. They have shewn me, that the Italian proverb says very properly, *Ama l'amico tuo, tanto che da del suo.*

Dionysius the tyrant, wishing one day to speak to the prince his son, sent to desire him to sup with him. The young prince excused himself as being already at table; but said, that after supper he would certainly pay his respects to his father. On his appearing, the tyrant asked him why he did not come and sup with him? "Because I had five or six friends at table with me," replied the

prince. Dionysius appeared surprised at so great a number of friends, and asked him if he was convinced of their sincerity. To which the prince answered, that he was sure of them. His father, however, told him, that he must put their friendship to the test, and to that end cause them to come that night to his apartment, and inform each of them in confidence that he had assassinated the tyrant, and beg of them to assist him in carrying away his body, to inter it secretly, that his death might not be known until he had prepared the minds of the people to set him on the throne; that, after having thus tried their fidelity, he should come, and give him an account of it, that they might both rejoice in the inestimable treasure he had discovered in the fidelity of his friends. The son did not fail to execute the tyrant's order, and to put the sincerity of his friends to this delicate trial; but what was his astonishment when, of all those who, with the glass in hand, were ready to die for him, he did not find one willing to engage himself in any peril, when in need of their assistance. Having then related this to the tyrant, Dionysius observed, "Another time, my son, *fide sed cui vide*; and know, that a man is too happy in this world, if, during the whole course of his life, he can find one faithful friend, without flattering himself with acquiring several; and that table-friends usually send away their friendship with the cloth."

#### OF CIVILITY.

CIVILITY is the effect of a good education, and the true sign of noble birth. It has the property of gaining the good-will of others, at a small expence, and brutality even cannot resist it, without being ashamed. It costs nothing, and often procures great advantages. Comazzo justly says, "*La benevolenza umana si compra piu volte piu con la gentilezza del tratto, che col valore del oro.*

Certain it is, that civility produces extraordinary effects for it forces men to be honest, it disquiets the miser, softens the rude, and keeps the fool at a distance. With great princes it is a charm, with the nobility an ornament, and with the common people a wonder. It serves a man as a letter of recommendation, and often procures him more respect than is due to him.

Civility appears to me not an ill resemblance of a kind of goodness in miniature ; for the mild manners which accompany it indicate a heart without gall. But, as appearances are often deceitful, excessive civility seems, to a wise man, sometimes suspicious ; for it is not uncommon to find many Joabs, who overwhelm with civility those whom they mortally hate. I think the safest way is to measure the civility of others by our own merits, to receive no more than we are entitled to, and consider the rest as a banter, or a snare.

#### ON CONTENTMENT.

EVERY one says, that we ought to be contented ; yet I see nobody who is so. This will not appear strange, when we reflect on all the imperfections of worldly felicity. The soul, which is an immortal being, can find no true contentment in things which are finite.

It is even not amiss that man should not be content with the possession of honours, riches, or a brilliant fortune ; for if he were fully satisfied, he would have no desire for the good things of eternity.

When I reflect on contentment, and perceive nobody in this world who possesses that inestimable treasure, it appears to me that this word contentment demonstrates to us another life ; for every thing having its opposite, as water, fire, black, white, little, great, weak, strong, &c. the discontent of the human race must, in like manner, have its counterpoise, which is contentment. Now, as it

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cannot be found under the sun, we must conclude that it is to be met with in the other world.

I remember I once heard of a tradesman, in easy circumstances, who, having made a very pretty Garden, had these words engraved in marble over the door of it: "This Garden was laid out by me, N. N. and is to be given to the first comer who shall prove that he is really contented." As this man was walking one day in his Garden, he saw a stranger enter it, who saluted him, and asked for the owner of the Garden. The tradesman replied, I am the person; and desired to know what he wanted. I am come, returned the stranger, to take possession of this Garden; for I observe that you made it with an intention of giving it to the person who is truly contented; now as I am really so, and can certify it upon oath, you will have the goodness to surrender it to me. The tradesman having permitted him to finish his speech, replied with much courtesy, "Such, sir, most certainly is my intention; but as I see no likelihood that you are the person who can urge a claim to it, I beg you will retire; for if you were perfectly contented, you would not require my Garden."

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#### *ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL DE TURENNE.*

This celebrated general, being ordered to reduce the Castle of Sobre, in Hainault, attacked it so vigorously, that, in a few hours, he compelled the garrison to surrender at discretion. The soldiers who first entered the place, having discovered a most beautiful female, conveyed her to him, as the most precious portion of the spoil. The Viscount de Turenne, affecting to believe that they had done this in order to shield her from the brutality of their companions, applauded very much the propriety of their behaviour: he then sent immediately for the lady's husband, and restored her to his arms; saying, in the most public manner, "You are indebted to the good conduct of my soldiers for the honour of your wife."

## Fragments of Literature,

NO. I.

### YE FLOURE OF THE COMMAUNDEMENTS OF GOD.

It is a circumstance not generally known, that the incidents of Parnell's admirable poem, the Hermit, are borrowed, with little variation, from an old folio in the black letter, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. It contains two hundred and forty one leaves, and on the final page this Colophon :

"Here endeth the boke, intytuled, Ye floure of the Commaundements of God, with many examples and auctoritytes, extracte as well of ye holy scriptures as of other doctours and good auncyent faders; the which is moche profytable and utyle unto all people; lately translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe. Emprinted at London, in fleet-streete, at the sign of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde. The xiii. yere of ye reygne of our moost naturell soverayne Lorde, Kynge Henry ye eyght of yt name. Fynyshed ye yere of our Lorde MCCCCXXI. the viii. daye of October."

As the book is extremely scarce, we shall give the story entire as it there stands. In the poetic dress of Parnell, it is familiar to every reader.

B. Another example, that an Hermyte murmured agaynst God for his dyvers Jugementes. cvii.

Men fynde by wrytynge this, the whiche followeth, how ye dysciple recyteth in the boke of his promptnary, and sayth yt an hermyte murmured in his herte of ye dyvers Jugements of God, for that yt those ye whiche lyved yll

had godes ; and unto ye contrary, those the whiche lyved well had of trybulacyon, and sometyme those ye whiche had ledde a good lyfe had in thende dethe abjecte. Ye yll the fayre end. And the good lost ofte the temporall godes, and yll had prosperyte. And as ye sayd hermyte thought moche on the sayd thyngs, he prayeth God that he wolde shewe hym his Jugementes. That a aungell came unto him, and sayd that he was sent from God for to shewe them unto hym; and that he sholde come after hym. The sayd aungell was in fourme of an hermyte pylgrim. Whan they had walked, they came first to ye house of an hermyte, ye which they founde broken, and wasted with wolves. Of thys thynge ye sayde hermyte was moche admervayled, and sayd. This here was an holy man, ye whiche lyved here solytarily fyfty yeres to serve God. And God hath suffered yt he hathe be broken with bestes. And the aungell of God said unto hym. Thou seest here one of the jugementes of God. Secondly they came unto another that had his hous set on a hygh roche above ye see, unto whome ye aungell preached of pacience against aduersytees, and trybulacions agaynst impacience. And in wepynge and grete contrycyon, he confessed yt as he had ben there by the space of xl. yeres with grete afflycyon of penaunce at the laste, he was vaynqueshed so strongly in his mynde, yt he solde leve his good lyfe, and retorne into the worlde. And whan the said aungell saw him veray contryte, he toke him, and kest hym in to ye see, and drowned hym. And whan the hermyte sawe this, he was in grete fere, and fled; but the aungell called hym agayne, and sayd to hym, Drede yu not; God hath shewed the here his seconde jugemente. Thyrdly, they came into ye hous of ye thyrde hermyte, yt receyved them gladly, and gave them drynke in a cup of sylver yt he had. And the aungell toke the sayd cuppe secretly, and put it in his bosom, and bare it away. Afterwards they came by nyght to the hous of a knyght robber, and with greto

payne they were receyved to lodge, and evyll entreated, and tormented of reproches and rebukes; and notwithstandingynge men gave them somewhat, and a bedde yll apparayled. In the morning, ye aungell wolde not depart tyll he had spoken with his host. And he drewe out ye sayd cuppe, and gave it hym. Whan the hermyte saw yt, he was admervayled, and murmured in his herte of that he had seen. After, in another nyght, they came to the hous of another knyght yt receyved them ryght well. Albeit he treated them ryght meanly, and in the morning whan they sholde parte, he was prayed of the Aungell yt his onely sone engendred sholde conduyte them on the way; and as the childe led them, he toke, and slewe hym, and keste hym into a dyche: whan the hermyte sawe that he fleede, and sayd. Thou art none aungell, thou art a devyll. And the aungell sayd to hym. These thynges that thou hast seen ben that yu required to knowe, understande yu the causes. The fyrst hermyte that we founde devoured, knowe yu that it was comen unto hym in crowne of martyrdome, that he hath deserved to have by longe tyme, and requyred of God by grete prayers. The seconde hermyte that I kyst into the see after yt he was converted unto God, and yt he had contrycyon and good repentaunce, so he is well deed, and is gone to God without havynge other Payne, but only ye dethe yt I have gyven hym. And yf he had not be slayne, whan the temptacyon was comen agayne, he had accomplayshed that, yt he had conceyved, and had been lost. The thyrde hermyte is a contemplatiſe, and of good prayers. But ye devyll by his cautele had procured him lettynge in his oraysons, and hath ordeyned yt a ryche man gave unto hym the cuppe of sylver for to praye for hym. And I have taken it from hym, for whan he wolde praye there came unto hym of thought of what he myght do with the sayde cuppe that the theves ne sholde stele it from hym, so the thought of the sayd cuppe letted his herte to pray God. And by that he shall re-

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tourne into oraysons accustomed, without havyng ony lettynge. The fyrst knyght where we yode is an yll man yt is not worthy to have remuneracyon celestiall; and for a lytell goodness that he dyde unto us, we gave unto hym remuneracyon temporall in gevying hym ye sayd cuppe. The seconde knyght was a good hospytaller, that dyde grete almesses; and for that he had none heyre, he prayed the relygyous men that they wolde praye unto God for hym that he myght have lynage. And God hathe gyven unto hym this sone that thou haste seen that I have slayne; he is retourned to the werke that he had lefte to do unto the poores, and also he hathe lefte to do many ylles that he dyde for to assemble temporall goodes to his sayd sone. Also we have procured theyr helthe that they sholde converte them unto God, and shall do good dedes, after the dethe of theyr sayd sone. By these thynges before sayd, a man may knowe that ye jugementes of God ben just and harde to knowe as unto us. And therefore it nedeth us not to enquyre forther ne to knowe than our entendement ne may comprehendē."      \*\*.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

A good taste is the source of such exquisite pleasure, that I flatter myself any contribution tending to cultivate it in the readers of the Lady's Museum will not be unfavourably received. If you do not, therefore, object to me as a correspondent, I will, in your next number, commence a paper under the title of the Critic. It is not my intention under this name to review the publications of the present day; because I do not consider my opinions so infallible as to authorise my exertions to cherish, or to blast the budding reputation

of any one. My design is to exhibit, as far as I am able, the beauties and imperfections of those authors whose characters stand too high to be exalted by my praise, or to be debased by my censure.

We have a more exquisite relish for a beautiful composition when we are enabled to see clearly its excellencies and defects. A person, ignorant of the principles of criticism, may indeed be delighted in reading the works of an eminent writer; but his delight is a confused and indistinct sensation; he is pleased, but knows not why; he cannot excite in another the pleasure which he feels, because he cannot perceive whence that pleasure arises.

It is needless to say, how much more we must enjoy the beauties of composition when we are acquainted with the springs by which they act upon the soul. Compare the feelings of the illiterate and scientific in surveying a watch; the one merely looks at the surface, and tells the hour, whilst the other understands, and admires, its complicated mechanism.

Should I occasionally make any observation which I have not met with in writers on polite literature, it is probable that I may introduce an essay on that subject; thus illustrating by example the rules laid down by Rhetoricians, and sometimes throwing in remarks of my own, I venture to hope that I shall be able to afford your readers some portion of entertainment.

Were my inclination the test of my power, I am sure I should not fail.

R.

"• The Editor very highly approves of the design of his correspondent, and, from a persuasion that the object he has in view will prove acceptable to his readers, will, with pleasure, reserve a few pages of the Museum for his contributions.

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**CHARLES EDMUNDS;**  
**OR, THE FREETHINKER;**  
A NOVEL,  
BY R. PORTER.

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A daring infidel, and such there are  
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,  
Or pure heroical defect of thought,  
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

YOUNG.

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CHAP. 1.

"It is a dreadful night," said Dame Arnold to her good man, as they were seated over the sparkling embers of their wood fire; "It is a dreadful night, John; I pity the poor wretches who are exposed to its fury." "I wish every body were as comfortable as we are now," said the honest old man, as he shivered, and drew his chair nearer the fire. A loud noise from without now attracted their attention. They listened; voices struck their ear; "Plague on the beasts," exclaimed some one, "they'll not stir another step." A volley of oaths and kicks succeeded these ejaculations, and the bustle without loudly declared they could no longer proceed. "Lord, have mercy upon us," said Dame Arnold, whilst every limb trembled like an aspen leaf. A loud knocking at the door almost paralized them; and Arnold could scarcely utter "Who's there?" "Two benighted travellers, whose horses have tired upon the heath; and we ask a few hours shelter," was the answer. To hear they were benighted travellers was enough for the compassionate

heart of John Arnold ; and he instantly rose to open the door, when two young men of fashionable appearance entered. "We have tied our horses under your shed, farmer ; the poor devils are quite knocked up," said one of them, who was dressed in a green frock coat. "Can you grant us a few hours shelter?" "You are welcome, be seated," said old John. The two youths seated themselves before the fire, and began the conversation. "Your roads are infernally dirty," said the first. "Yes, sir," said John, as he poured out a glass of his home-brewed ale; which the young gentlemen, though unused to such beverage, now drank off heartily. He then went to take care of the horses, and give them some corn. "This is a confounded accident," said the gentleman in green to the other. "It is well, if we are not overtaken, Charles," was the reply. "True," returned he in green, and reclined his head, apparently in great emotion. The blood ran cold in the poor old woman's veins. "They must be robbers," thought she, and secretly articulated a prayer to heaven for her safety.

Arnold soon returned. "Your horses are safely housed, and well fed," said he. "Wife, bring out some of our best cheese for the travellers ; our fare is not what you have been used to ; but, such as it is, you are welcome to it. They thanked him ; and by the zest with which they eat, shewed that, although the provisions were not costly, they were good, and such as in their present situation they took with a pleasure hitherto unknown. How far is it to the coast?" enquired one of the strangers. "Five miles, and very bad the road," replied Arnold. An exclamation of agreeable surprize broke from the young men ; and they conversed in an under tone together. The hospitable pair stared at each other with looks of suspicion ; each thought it was well if they got clear of their guests without injury ; each heartily wished the storm would clear up, and put an end to their doubts and fears.

Their visitors beheld their uneasiness ; and one of them, to becalm their rising terrors, thus addressed the affrighted

couple. "I perceive, good people, you have no very high opinion of your guests; our behaviour indeed, and other circumstances, must have impressed your mind with an unfavorable idea of us. Our case then is this,—" If you are not entirely unacquainted with the great world, you must know that when an insult is offered to a gentleman, it is customary to resent it. This gentleman is my friend; he received an affront from a young nobleman; the affair terminated in a challenge, and he left his opponent dead on the field. It is, therefore, necessary that we should immediately leave this country, and that is the reason of our eagerness to reach the coast. Our horses are now rested, and we will go: in the mean time, should any one enquire if we have passed, we beg your secrecy. Here is a purse for our entertainment; for which we thank you." "For your shelter," answered the good old cottager, "you are truly welcome; and you may depend upon my secrecy; but as for your purse, I will not touch it; we keep no inn, sir; our door would have been open to the poorest beggar as well as to yourselves. What you have eaten, we can well spare, and as much more to any who should desire it in such a night as this. I perfectly understand your story; but I greatly fear, you will find the blood you have shed press heavier upon your heart than the chains you fly from." The two duellists, somewhat refreshed, now left the house, in order to continue their flight; and John Arnold and his wife sought that repose which had been disturbed by their guests; that slumber which the vicious never can enjoy.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### ON WAR.

War resembles a school, in which MARS is the master; Soldiers are his scholars; Arms are the Pens, which, dipped in blood, serve to write on the bodies of men the barbarous maxims of their preceptor.

## ON RECREATION.

*In cipo joco aliquod probi ingenii lumen eluceat.*

CICERO.

MANY excellent essays have been written on morality; but they either inculcate those great and shining virtues which few are called upon to exercise; or, with thankless labour, endeavour to prove the self-evident truths which form the basis of a nursery lecture. The first of these kinds of writing is inapplicable, and consequently uninteresting, to the generality of mankind; the last is universally wearisome and disgusting, because it uselessly toils to characterise those virtues which are already so strongly marked, that they cannot fail to obtrude themselves upon the notice even of the least observant. But there are some lighter shades, which, though they are unperceived in the hurried glance which we cast towards our duty, are yet essential to the foundation of the completely virtuous character. To engage the scrutinizing attention of the inquirer, and to fix the wandering eye of the trifler, upon these delicate tints, which so greatly add to the beauty of the picture, will certainly be more conducive to the interests of morality than to point out those prominent features which cannot possibly be overlooked. It is this consideration which has induced me to turn my thoughts towards the various kinds of amusements that occupy the mind.

I fancy that I hear some persons contemptuously exclaim, a moral essay on Amusements indeed! yet that this subject calls loudly for animadversion, I conceive every one will allow, when we consider what is the proper end of recreation, and what is the tendency of diversions in general.

Recreation, in the proper sense of the word, is refreshment: it ought to relieve us from fatigue, without

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embittering the return to our regular employments. It should be the stimulating cordial which refits the wearied members for exertion, not the intoxicating draught which indeed exhilarates, but at the same time overspreads the limbs with feverish languor, and incapacitates them for action.

I dare say many will be inclined to differ from me as to this point; from the incontrovertible proposition, that "Happiness is the proper pursuit of man," they will fallaciously argue, that in our amusements we ought to seek those things only which are most gratifying to our inclinations, without having any regard to such as would fit us for the more serious business of life. Of these persons, I would merely demand why they sometimes perform their duties. If they answer, that it is because they expect more lasting happiness from this performance than could be conferred by any thing else, then their former argument is undoubtedly absurd; for our minds are naturally averse from duty, and our unchecked inclinations will always lead us astray. Every one will allow, that rectitude of conduct in our particular avocations is the surest way to Happiness. Then let us, even in our slightest actions, keep the proper object continually in sight, and we shall have the highest probability of attaining it; as, in the game of chess, he who makes every movement subservient to the grand end, is more likely to succeed than he who is tempted to alter his plan by every temporary advantage that is thrown in his way.

If the end of recreation is to refit us for business, how shall we characterise the general amusements of mankind? Do the multitudes who are continually flocking to places of diversion, find that they are rendered more active, or cheerful, in their necessary pursuits? Do they not, on the contrary, feel themselves enervated and listless? Look at the revellers of the banquet table. For half an hour's senseless gratification, they are content

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to sacrifice the noblest prerogative of man; for a few glasses of a beverage which has, perhaps, become insipid, or disagreeable to them, they are willing to transform their angelic nature to that of a brute? Go to the bed-chamber of the intemperate man. You will find him groaning with pain, or fainting with sickness, now perhaps raving in exquisite tortures, now sunken in torpid insensibility. See the latter days of the sensualist: at thirty, he is a debilitated old man, debarred by his shattered constitution, from his usual enjoyments, and incapacitated for any other by the barrenness of his mind; yet he will call his pleasures innocent recreations. Innocent indeed! to deprive him of his reason, his health, and his life.

I suppose all will agree with me in reprobating intemperance; but I dare say many will clamour loudly against me when I attack the gaming table. But I will contend that this is a most prolific parent of misery, and by no means a harmless recreation. Figure to yourself one who has lost all his property, upbraided by his family, distracted, ready to seize the first opportunity to rid himself of existence. You smile at the picture which I draw, but reflect, that probably in another deal, you yourself shall be the very person. Yet let us not suppose even this common event, still we shall find enough to condemn in gaming; it never fails to establish in the mind an avaricious desire of money, which is the bane of all good qualities; it consumes much time, for the loser is incited to continue by the hope of retrieving what he has lost, and the winner is spurred on by the expectation of increasing his gain. And even should any one, which I believe is never the case, have sufficient resolution to leave the game in a short time, still it unfits him for the duties of his station by dividing his attention, and causing a continual desire for the hour of diversion.

Volumes would not suffice to condemn all the amusements which are worthy of reprehension. I shall only

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mention the theatre. I know that I am now opposing myself singly against thousands; but if I am allowed time to explain the grounds of my censure, I doubt not of making many converts,—in opinion, at least, if not in practice. I do not impute any immorality to theatrical representations; I merely blame a frequent and habitual attendance at the playhouse.

There are, undoubtedly, many dramatic performances which are calculated to make the bosom glow with noble sentiments. These I would recommend to be seen; but I would not let the theatre be a daily diversion. Surely six or seven hours a day is too much time to bestow upon any amusement, however well it may fit us for our necessary occupations. But the theatre has not the advantage of refitting us for our regular duties; the tendency of all long nocturnal amusements is to deprive the mind and body of that vigour which is requisite for the advantageous employment of time.

Having now shown what kinds of diversion are improper, I shall take an early opportunity of pointing out some rational pleasures, which may at the same time delight and invigorate, so as to render the transition from recreation to business not less pleasing than that from business to recreation.

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INGRATITUDE;

OR,

THE MAGIC SCHOOL.

A PREBENDARY of St. Jago de Compostella had long exerted his invention to discover the means of procuring wealth and honour, but in vain. He ardently wished for an easy life, and for preferment in the church; but was

too indolent to merit them by the acquirements of science. He at length turned his attention to the magic art; conceiving, after some labour, that it would enable him to compel spirits to assist him in his views. He made enquiries after a skilful magician, and soon learned, that Don Rodriguez, at Toledo, was esteemed the greatest necromancer of the age. He therefore immediately procured a horse, and letters of recommendation, set out for Toledo, and after having found Don Rodriguez, he requested to be ranked among the number of his pupils.

The prebendary, who had expected to behold in him a Trismegistus of forbidding aspect and enormous beard, was agreeably surprised to find only a venerable, cheerful old man, dressed and shaped like other mortals. Having made known his request, Don Rodriguez answered, with much composure, "I willingly receive you as a pupil and a son. The art to which you intend to devote yourself is the most difficult of all studies, and requires a *pure heart*. Are you possessed of this requisite?"

"I hope I am."

"The powers of nature are subject to the agency of spirits; but there is only *one* being who knows the secret recesses of the *heart*. I have one more question to ask—will you be grateful, if I instruct you in the principles of mystic lore?"

"I will forfeit my life to evince my gratitude."

"I do not demand so much. You are a prebendary of an ancient and respectable cathedral, and may obtain higher preferment: will you, in that case, recollect and act liberally towards your instructor?"

"Whatever my influence can effect shall be exerted, to testify my regard."

To this assertion the prebendary added numerous protestations of his sincerity, which at length operated so forcibly upon the old man, that he rose from his chair, and rung the bell for his cook.

"Keep *two* partridges in readiness," said he to the

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servant; "but do not put them to the fire until I give you further orders. You, my son, will follow me." He then conducted the prebendary to a spacious apartment filled with books and philosophical instruments, and immediately commenced his instructions.

They had, however, scarcely begun their mysteries, before two men, from Compostella, entered the apartment, and delivered a letter to the prebendary. It was from his uncle, the bishop, who had been taken extremely ill, and entreated him to return, without delay, if he wished to receive his benediction. But the nephew, who lamented the interruption of his studies infinitely more than the indisposition of his uncle, considered the loss of his blessing of little consequence, and sent the messengers back, with his excuses, pretending business of the utmost importance. They, however, returned four days after, and informed him, that it was absolutely necessary he should set out for Compostella, as his uncle was dead, and the chapter had appointed him his successor.

Rodriguez had no sooner heard these words, than he solicited the prebendary to confer his vacant benefice upon one of his sons. This request the newly-elected bishop, with many apologies, refused; and entreated the old man to permit him to appoint his own brother; at the same time pledging his honour, if he would accompany him to Compostella, and take his son with him, that he would manifest his gratitude on the *first opportunity*.

The old man consenting to the proposal, they set out for Compostella, and had not long been there when a bull arrived from the holy father at Rome. The new bishop imagined that its purport was to confirm him in his dignity; but was greatly astonished when he read, that the holy father, in consideration of his *peculiar merits*, had raised him to the archiepiscopal see of Toulouse, giving him the privilege to nominate a successor. He could not, indeed, comprehend in what these *merits* con-

sisted; but as, on that account, it would have been an act of extreme folly to decline the acceptance of this preference, he submitted to the will of the holy father; and had scarcely signified his resolution, when Rodriguez humbly implored the vacant bishopric for his son.

His pupil acknowledged that he had promised to improve the young man's condition; but protested, that he was bound, by ties of gratitude of a prior date, to confer the vacant see upon his uncle. "Come with me to Toulouse," added he; "you shall there partake of all my acquisitions, and I will embrace the earliest occasion of discharging my debt, with interest."

The old man again acquiesced in his proposal, and they departed for Toulouse, where Rodriguez spared no pains to perfect his patron in the knowledge of the magic art. The archbishop made a most rapid progress; all hearts became subject to his influence; and, after a lapse of two years, a second embassy arrived from Rome, informing him that he had been created a cardinal, and was at liberty to dispose of his archbishopric to whomsoever he might choose.

Don Rodriguez presented himself a third time before him, and spoke more confidently than on former occasions. He enumerated the many services that he had rendered the prelate, and reminded him, in strong language, of the solemn promises he had made.

His eminence appeared extremely perplexed at this discourse, admitted the justice of the magician's claims, but pleaded that he had to provide for another relation; and that it militated against his principles, to prefer a stranger to a person to whom he was connected by the sacred ties of consanguinity. "But follow me to Rome," concluded he; "there I shall, undoubtedly, find means of proving my gratitude, by advancing the fortunes of your son."

The old man once more submitted to his proposal; the new cardinal soon became universally beloved at Rome;

the Pope consulted him on every emergency; but soon died of an apoplectic fit. A conclave was convened. The magic arts of Don Rodriguez were successfully employed, and the prebendary of Compostella was unanimously elected to occupy the vacant see.

Scarcely had the triple crown been placed upon his head, when Rodriguez repeated his request; but he instantly perceived, by the gesture of the holy father, that he should not be more successful in this than on prior applications. This reception excited the old man's resentment. He assured his holiness, that he was weary of soliciting his patronage to so little purpose; that he was determined to be no longer amused by fruitless hopes and delusive protestations; that, conscious of what he deserved, he insisted that the holy father should either fulfil the promise he made him at Toledo, or give him a final and unequivocal denial.

This firmness excited the pope's indignation in the highest degree. "Sorcerer!" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with fury, "I well know the extent of your pretensions, and the punishment that they deserve. Get out of my sight, or dread my vengeance! If you remain another day in Rome, you shall be delivered up to the Holy Inquisition, to meet the fate you so justly merit."

No sooner had the pope pronounced these words, than Rodriguez turned round, with much complacency, and opening the door, called out, "Cook, you need only roast *one* partridge,—I shall sup by myself." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when the charm was instantly dissolved, and the holy father reduced to the humble station of a prebendary of Compostella. He now beheld, to his great mortification, that the whole series of preferments, and the apparent lapse of several years, had been nothing but a magical illusion; and, agitated with shame and regret, at the exposition of his ingratitude, withdrew abruptly from the presence of the sage Rodriguez.

**INSTANCE OF SELF-DEVOTION.**

The Abbé Mariti, in his "Travels through Syria and Palestine," relates, from William of Tyre, a curious anecdote of a person who was anxious to abolish the Catholic faith.

A citizen of Jerusalem went in the night-time, and placed a dead dog at the entrance of the principal mosque, hoping that the Infidels would not fail to impute this mark of derision to the Catholics, which they, indeed, did; and, without being at the trouble to enquire whether their suspicions were well or ill founded, they ran to all the gates of the city, to excite the Mahometans to revenge. All the Christians, therefore, must have perished on the occasion, had not heaven inspired a young man with heroic courage, to devote himself to death, in order to save his brethren, by declaring himself alone guilty of the insults offered to the temple; and this sacrifice allayed the fury of the persecutors.

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**ON POPULAR FAVOUR.**

In all civil commotions, there is scarcely any thing so short-lived as popularity. The most trifling circumstances, on those occasions, have the effect of raising a man to the pinnacle of public favour, and, with no less celerity, reduce him from his elevation, and expose him to the fury of that rabble, of which he was before the acknowledged idol.

During the unhappy contest between Charles the Fifth, (then in his minority) and his Spanish subjects, there lived in the village of Medina, near Palomera de Avila, a Biscayan priest, who was so warm in the cause of

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John de Padilla, that he was accustomed every holiday to say, as part of the service—"I recommend unto your prayers, brethren, *the most noble commonality*, desiring God to preserve and support it, that it may never fall. I recommend unto you likewise his Majesty the King, *Don Juan de Padilla*, that God may prosper him; as also her Highness the Queen, our Lady *Donna Maria Pacheco*, that God may pour down his blessings upon her; for verily these are the true kings, the rest are but tyrants." These prayers continued for three weeks, at the end of which time it so happened, that John de Padilla, passing that way with his troops, found it necessary to billet some of his men in the house of this very priest, who consumed a barrel of his wine, killed all his poultry, and on their departure inveigled away his female servant. The Sunday following, being in church, the enraged Biscayan said to his parishioners, "Brethren, be it known to you, that John de Padilla, in his way through this village, had the effrontery to quarter his soldiers in my house, who, truly beloved, have not left me a single chicken; and have, moreover, eaten up all my bacon, drank me a whole barrel of wine, and have taken my *Katherine* away with them; I therefore charge you, henceforward, never more to praise God for him; but for our sovereign lord, *Don Carlos*, and the Queen *Donna Juana*, for they are our true and lawful kings."

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#### ON HUMAN LIFE.

The first step we take on coming into this world is an advance towards the door by which we are to go out of it. The earth is but an inn; where we lodge a few nights; and beyond which, there is but one step towards eternity. Happy he who, without stopping at the trifles he meets on his way, advances with hasty steps in the career which leads to a happy immortality.

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**REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.**

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A DESCRIPTION OF MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED ANIMALS ;  
*including Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Serpents, and Insects, forming a compendium of Natural History, with original Remarks ; a new edition, CROSBY and Co. 1812.*

A WORK upon Natural History, which might be safely placed in the hands of the youth of either sex, has long been considered a most desirable object. The fairest part of the creation has been hitherto deprived of studying the wonders of nature in the animal kingdom, by the manner in which publications of the kind have generally been presented to their eye, and delicacy shuddered at knowledge when she found that it could not be acquired but at her own expense. To admire the works of God, it is not necessary to enter into the minutiae of Anatomy, and the history, or character of a quadruped, a bird, a serpent, or a fish, can certainly be treated in a manner as interesting as it may be unobjectionable ; and the more congenial to the heart, as it is in no way offensive to the mind. The harmonious convolutions of the sun, the stars, and the planets, are not less admirable, because we hardly know the laws which they obey, and must long remain ignorant of the primitive cause that put them first, and has kept them since, in regular motion : it seems, that, persuaded by experience of the necessity of publishing such a book, the author has taken up his pen with this plain, but honest thought, that ignorance in many cases would be much preferable to knowledge, if this were incompatible with the purity of our morals ; therefore, he went through his task with conscious rectitude, and has bestowed instruction and amusement without the least fear of offending the most

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delicate mind. To help the memory of children, he has interspersed the whole with passages of elegant poetry; and quotations from modern as well as ancient authors add considerably to the general interest, which increases at every page.

A few extracts will enable our readers to apprehend the justness of our remarks.

In the article concerning the King of the Quadrupeds, we find the following passage :

"The generosity of the *Lion* has been much extolled; and he has been known to forgive, or disdain, the insults of smaller creatures that had teased him with their inconsiderate petulance. His gratitude was exemplified in the well known anecdote of the slave, Androclus, who had extracted, in the deserts of Africa, a thorn from a *Lion's* foot; and who, being by chance exposed to his fury in the Roman Amphitheatre, was spared by him, as his benefactor. The *Lion* publicly licked the hand that had cured him. We read also, in an author of great respectability, that, in the sixteenth century, a *Lion* having escaped from the ménagerie of the Archduke, walked through the streets of Florence; whilst the terrified citizens ran, on all sides, from his sight; a woman, in her hurry, dropped on the pavement an infant, which she held at her breast. The furious animal picked it up by the garments, and was going away; the frantic mother, unmindful of danger for herself, falls on her knees before the *Lion*, and, with loud exclamations, supplicates him, either to give up the child, or to tear her in pieces; the noble animal stops, looks at her, drops gently the babe on the ground, and walks stately off."

The history of the *Nightingale* is peculiarly interesting.

"It is hardly possible to give an idea of the extraordinary power which this small bird possesses in his throat, as to extension of sound, sweetness of tone, and versatility of notes. His song is composed of several musical phrases, each of which does not continue more than the third part of a minute; but they are so varied, the passing from one tone to another is so fanciful and so rapid, the melody

so sweet and so mellow, that the most consummate musician is pleasingly led to a deep sense of admiration at hearing him. Sometimes joyful and merry, he runs down the diapason with the velocity of the lightning, touching the treble and the base nearly at the same instant; at other times, mournful and plaintive, the unfortunate *Philomela* draws heavily her lengthened notes, and breathes a delightful melancholy around. These have the appearance of sorrowful sighs; the other modulations resemble the laughter of the happy. Solitary on the twig of a small tree, and cautiously at a certain distance from the nest, where the pledges of his love are treasured under the fostering breast of his mate, the male fills constantly the silent woods with his harmonious strains; and, during the whole night, entertains and repays his female for the irksome duties of incubation."

The *Glow-worm* is also described in a very amusing manner.

"This curious insect is a living phenomenon; the light, or phosphoric glow, which he emits from two spots placed at the inferior part of his body, has been long the admiration of all, and the puzzle of many naturalists. This light resembles so much in its colour, and perhaps in its nature, that which shines on putrid fish and rotten wood, that it might be nothing else but the faeces of the animal in a certain state of fermentation; and this appears the more probable, when we consider that the light appears in brightness and intensity in proportion with the worms being more or less irritated. This insect's body is divided into twelve sections, or annulets, each covered with a scale of a black colour; the head is flat and depressed, the body measures about an inch, and the worm is found upon banks on the sides of roads, and at the foot of hedges, where this bright lustre shines through the blades of grass, among which the creature creeps very slowly. The best observers pretend to have ascertained, that the shining worm is the female of the species, and that the male is a small fly which, in its form, does not resemble the glow-worm."

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The ladies will be pleased, in general, with a certain originality of thought which pervades the whole of this publication, with the versatile fluency of the author's style, but mostly on account of his having been throughout faithful to his motto :

La mère en prescrira la lecture à sa fille.

The work is illustrated by three hundred wood cuts, elegantly executed after drawings from nature, and by indexes of them in Latin, French, and English.

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**WALTZ ; an Apostrophic Hymn, by Horace Hornem, Esq.**  
**London. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. pp 27, price**  
**Three Shillings.**

Dancing in fashionable life has long been considered a part of female education. When pursued as an innocent recreation, it is certainly a genteel accomplishment, and, as an agreeable and healthful exercise, suitable to the vivacity of youth, it may be reasonably indulged; but when it departs from that grace and decency with which it should be accompanied, and degenerates into immodesty, it can no longer be considered a rational diversion; but as the vehicle of illicit pleasure.

The author of the poem before us animadverts, with proper severity, upon a dance much practised in the higher circles, "The Waltz." This melting, or to speak more properly meretricious pace, is of German extraction; and when supported with characteristic *spirit* is, in an eminent degree, revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety.

Imperial Waltz ! imported from the Rhine,  
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine,)  
Long be thine import from all duty free,  
And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee ;  
In some few qualities alike—for hock  
Improves our cellar—thou our living stock.

The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art  
 Intoxicates alone the heedless heart ;  
 Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,  
 And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

The following lines, descriptive of its properties and effects, though somewhat highly coloured, afford a favorable specimen of the writer's talents, and will not be perused, we hope, without awakening sentiments of indignation in the minds of our fair readers :

The ball begins—the honours of the house  
 First duly done by daughter or by spouse,  
 Some potentate—or royal, or serene,  
 With K—t's gay grace, or sapient G—st—r's mien,  
 Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush  
 Might once have been mistaken for a blush.  
 From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,  
 That spot where hearts were once supposed to be,  
 Round all the confines of the yielded waist,  
 The strangest hand may wander undisplaced ;  
 The lady's in return may grasp as much  
 As princely paunches offer to her touch.  
 Pleas'd round the chalky floor how well they trip,  
 One hand reposing on the royal hip ;  
 The other to the shoulder no less royal  
 Ascending with affection truly loyal :  
 Thus front to front the partners move or stand,  
 The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand ;  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,  
 If " nothing follows all this palming work ?" \*  
 True, honest Mirza—you may trust my rhyme,  
 Something does follow at a fitter time ;  
 The breast thus publicly resigned to man,  
 In private may resist him—if it can.

\* In Turkey a pertinent--here an impertinent and superfluous question---literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a Waltz in Pera....Vide Morier's Travels.

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These extracts shew the design of the poem; the satire of which is pointed, and the ridicule well directed; and, we trust, will have the effect of banishing so disgusting a spectacle from the entertainment of those who have any pretensions to virtue, or to delicacy.

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*ESTELLE, pastorale, par M. de Florian ; seconde édition, joliment imprimée sur papier vélin, après la belle édition de Didot, avec sept superbes gravures. BOOSEY, Broad-street, 18mo. prix 5s. 6d. en carton.*

This edition of this admirable production, corrected with the greatest care, and in which the different accents, so frequently omitted in that of Didot, are placed over the letters that require them, has a peculiar advantage over those that have preceded it. The admirers of the charming author of Numa Pompilius, and of Gonsalvo of Cordova, will doubtless be highly gratified in seeing his Estelle; which, in point of purity of diction, simplicity of style, and moral excellence, is in no wise inferior to his other works that have been so favourably received by the public.

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THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION  
FOR APRIL, 1813.

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*The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brook-Street.*

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*Morning Dress.*—A Walter Scott pélissette, of China rose colored kerseymere, trimmed with broad blue satin; bonnet, feather, and boots, of the color of the pelissette, or the trimming, over a short robe of white muslin.

*Evening Dress.*—Of white kerseymere, made with Spanish sleeves, white gloves, and shoes.





## EVENING DRESS.

*Published for the Proprietors*

APR



## MORNING DRESS.

APRIL 1.1813. by G. Cowie & C<sup>o</sup>. Poultry.



THE  
**APOLLONIAN WREATH.**

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**MONODY**

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE BIRD.

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

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THOUGH ne'er on the bow of the hedge-row or grove  
Thou didst build the soft nest, or attune the sweet lay—  
Enjoy the fresh shade of the woodbine alcove,  
Or rouse the dull swains at the peep of young day;

Yet still hast thou 'scap'd all the snares of mankind—  
The snares which on innocence ever attend—  
For liberty lost thou hast never repin'd,  
Hast never known *want*, or e'er needed a *friend*.

And when cruel fate, with aim sudden and sure,  
Mark'd thee for her victim, and laid thee to rest,  
For LYDIA's fam'd bird not a tear flow'd more pure,  
Nor lighter the green sod repos'd on his breast.

Farewell, little warbler! to those who deplore,  
Would the Muse this consoling suggestion repeat—  
For the moral shall hold, when the sorrow's no more—  
“ May your lives be as calm, and your exit as sweet!”

---

**STANZAS,**

FROM THE FRENCH.

RECLIN'D amid these rural charms,  
Where darkly waves the nodding elm,  
No struggling cares, no rude alarms,  
Disturb my solitary realm;

The simple joys of tranquil rest  
 Have taught my prouder thoughts to cease,  
 And wiser aims improve my breast—  
 The love of virtue, love of peace !

No sorrows haunt my sylvan bow'rs,  
 My herbs are sweet, my wants are few,  
 My grassy walks are deck'd with flow'rs,  
 My happy skies are ever blue ;  
 Or if awhile, contending loud,  
 The angry storm is fiercely driv'n,  
 My terrors vanish with the cloud,  
 And safety gilds the Bow of Heav'n.

What pangs the busy world assail!  
 What toil and bustle still controul!  
 But shelter'd here, in woody vale,  
 Eternal calmness hails the soul.  
 So through yon rocks were tossed strong  
 These limpid waters to and fro ;  
 But scatter'd now my fields along,  
 They softly hum and gently flow.

OSCAR.

## SONNET.

How sad and heavy through the winding vale,  
 From the dark glooms of yonder lonely tow'r,  
 Bursting at intervals upon the gale,  
 With pond'rous clank deep tolls the midnight hour !

Pensive along the solitary dell  
 The drowsy echoes that were hush'd serene  
 Loud waken, and with melancholy swell  
 Startling the slumbers of the awful scene,  
 Mourn to the distant hills—but, hark!—'t is done !

The warning voice, that as with dreadful word  
 Prophetic talk'd to man, and one by one  
 Counted the steps of Time, no more is heard—

Faint, faint, and fainter dies the sullen sound ;  
 All Nature sleeps again—and Stillness broods around !

OSCAR.

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**STANZAS,**

*On seeing a Robin frozen to Death, at a Window where he had  
been frequently accustomed to come for a few crumbs.*

---

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FEMALE.

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AND art thou no more, little red-breasted friend,  
Whom so oft I have foster'd,—so often have fed?  
At thy favourite spot thou hast met thy sad end,  
And I feel a tear start as I see thee lie dead!

No more will thy wild-note awake me to morn ;  
No more will my meal be divided with thee ;  
No more will thy plumage my window adorn ;  
No more fancy picture thee grateful to me !

Oh, Winter ! how cruel in this hast thou been !  
Ah ! why so much beauty and innocence kill ?  
Could no victim less lovely,—less likely to win,  
Have fill'd thy cold grasp, or appeas'd thy fierce will ?

But vain are my wishes, and vain are my tears ;  
Thou art gone, gentle warbler !—thou'l charm me no more ;  
Thy fate should awaken weak woman's soft fears,  
As in sorrow she bends thy sad fate to deplore !

For if woman is innocent, let her beware ;  
Some despoiler, like Winter, may prey on her charms ;  
Then life would be only a journey of care,  
And she gladly would rush into Death's open arms !

But for thee, lov'd, lost Robin !—thy form shall repose  
In my garden's safe shade, near my summer-house seat ;  
Where o'er thee, in Spring-time, shall bnd the white rose,  
As an emblem of innocence laid at its feet.

---

And there, when the year shall recover its bloom,  
Will my visits be paid, with a tenderness true ;  
I shall pause,—perhaps weep,—at the Robin's lone tomb,  
And the sweet sigh of friendship be given to you !

J. M. LACEY.

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### STANZAS,

#### WRITTEN IN RETIREMENT.

In humble pride, where yonder village rears  
Its mould'ring spire, amid th' embow'ring green,  
Whose ivy'd walls, of long-forgotten years,  
Still stamp an awe upon the peaceful scene,

I love to wander ; there, unheard, unseen,  
And bending listless o'er some moss-crown'd seat,  
Muse with soft transport on the tranquil scene,  
Remote from all the thoughtless world calls great.

How blest the fate which dawns on humble life,  
Unknown to grandeur's glitt'ring scenes of care ;  
The world's impetuous surge of bounding strife,  
Damps not the joy that decks their humble fare.

The ruder storms of life's tempestuous sea  
Check not the current of their placid stream ;  
Time, wing'd with smiles, salutes the passing day,  
And life's last sigh reflects its sunny beam.

The loss of fortune, or the wreck of fame,  
Aspiring hopes, just nipt in summer's bloom,  
The transient title of an empty name  
Shed not on them care's dark impervious gloom.

There ev'ry tow'ring wish does fate forbid ;  
Prudence her laws to poverty has given ;  
There modest worth, and innocence are hid,  
Obscur'd from all, save that of smiling heav'n.

Mild temp'rance there has found a calm retreat,  
And healthful vigour blooms in artless charms ;  
Its rosy hue makes pleasure's smiles more sweet,  
And fleeting sorrow of its pang disarms.

There industry rewards the labourer's toil,  
With cheering plenty at its finish'd close ;  
At eve, he hails contentment's happiest smile,  
And the soft blessings of a calm repose.

Debauch and luxury ne'er learnt to stray  
Amidst the peasant's cot, or straw-thatch'd shed ;  
Disease blasts not the youthful summer day,  
Nor retrospection sad cloud age's bed.

Each sabbath too, in simple habit clad,  
Within the church's mould'ring aisle they bend ;  
Where piety, with downcast looks and sad,  
And reverence, and awe, each thought attend.

How sweet, when evening spreads her rosy vest  
O'er the blue mantle of departing day,  
To mark the calm that steals upon the breast,  
Where never yet ambition held her sway.

To me more sweet the mossy thatch grown o'er,  
Than palaces, in orient splendour drest ;  
More sweet, the meditative mind to pore  
On the rude virtues of an untaught breast ;

The modest strains of blushing truth to hear,  
Than when bedeck'd in flatt'ry's luring art ;  
Though unrefin'd the costly min'ral here,  
Still, to the feeling mind, does it impart

Th' unpolish'd beauty of a kindred soul,  
Whose genial rays a purer warmth bestow ;  
When rear'd within the world's enslav'd controul,  
They fade in silent agonizing woe.

J. M. B.

## Advertisement.

IN resuming his labours, after a retirement of many months, the Editor of the *Lady's Museum* pays his respects to his fair readers, and salutes his correspondents with the utmost courtesy.

During the short period that the publication was committed to his management, he felt an earnest desire to restore it to its original importance; and, by the introduction of a variety of matter, to give it a more LITERARY character than it had latterly maintained. Such being the design that he intends to pursue, he flatters himself that the Contributors to a Miscellany that professes to instruct as well as to amuse, consulting their intellectual dignity, will second his exertions by bestowing a higher polish on their performances. "When Apelles was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the incessant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condescended to make no other answer, than that he painted for perpetuity."

### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE favours of Oscar and Mr. Lacey will ever meet with due regard.—The wishes of Byronus will be complied with, on the terms he mentions.—Mr. Porter's Essay in our next; we, however, think him capable of better things.—Mr. C.'s Gossiper, and Continuation of Second Love, shall likewise appear.—We look forward to the contributions of Ormond and the Moralist.—In R. we recognise a youth who is an ornament to literature.—M. B. I. S. and other poetical articles, are under consideration.—The Lines of Gulielmus and A. Kyne, we must reject, as being deficient in harmony and taste.

\* \* We have to apologize for the following Erratum in the number preceding our last, in the Essay by Oscar, entitled "Happiness compared with Pleasure;" for "often even without virtue, and as often lost without vice," read, "often won without virtue," &c. &c.

### THE BOOK.

\* \* Copious Extracts from THE BOOK, now so generally the object of curiosity, will be given in the next and following Numbers, on an extra half-sheet; in order that our readers may be put in possession of the SUBSTANCE of THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION.





*Engraved by H. H. Cook from a drawing by the late W. Foster Esq.*

## M<sup>rs</sup> EDWIN.

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